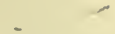
PR
4809
H1855t

AA000376213 5
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

THREE
L-SAINTS' SUMMERS

[How (Bishop Wm.)

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/threeallsaintssu00howw

THREE ALL SAINTS' SUMMERS.

THREE

ALL-SAINTS' SUMMERS,

AND OTHER TEACHINGS OF NATURE TO A BUSY MAN.

LONDON:
JOHN MORGAN, 10, PATERNOSTER ROW;
WILLIAM SKEFFINGTON, 163, PICCADILLY.

LONDON:
ROBERT K. BURT, PRINTER,
HOLBORN HILL.

PR
4809
H1855t

DEDICATORY LETTER.

TO THE

REVEREND BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D.,

HEAD MASTER OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, PREBENDARY OF LICHFIELD.

Dear Dr. Kennedy,

There can be few of your old pupils who would hesitate to acknowledge that to your training at school they mainly owe whatever they have been able to accomplish in after life. It is in grateful memory of that training, but with a thorough consciousness of the unworthiness of this slender fruit of it, that I venture to dedicate the following verses to you.

937

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
All-Saints' Summer. 1847.	1
All-Saints' Summer. 1849.	4
All-Saints' Summer. 1854.	7
Golden-Saxifrage	11
Mountain-Pansies	13
The First Spring Day	15
The Alps	22
Llanfihangel	25
Shelsley Beauchamp	28
A Day's Influence	34
Sunset	37
Cader Idris	39
Retrospect	41
Habberly Valley	44
The Winter Birthday	48
Hymn of Praise (Northern Lights)	53
Christmas Holly	56
A Dream	60
Spring Ride	64
The Setting of the Moon	68
Homeward	70

PAGE

FUNERAL OF A CHILD IN SPRING 73
THE THUNDER CLOUD 76
LUCERNE BY MOONLIGHT 78
STARS AND GRAVES 80
THE HOME VIEW 82
THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN 87
SUNSET AT DURHAM 89
HENBOTH 92
SUNDAY NIGHT 94
A SUNBEAM 96
EVENING 97
NIGHT AT DURHAM 99
ASSOCIATION 100

THREE ALL-SAINTS' SUMMERS.

ALL-SAINTS' SUMMER. 1847.

'Tis strange, yet this is now the second year
That I have mark'd the sweetness of this day.
Yea, all the mellow warmth around me shed,
The soft late gleams of Autumn, doubly soft
After long mists and gloom, the gentle fall
Of leaves, and earthy scent of those long fallen,—
All these have seem'd to cancel a whole year;
And now I see all things that then I saw,
Tho' far away the scene. I seem to stand
Where I then stood, beside the well-known way
That leads from the old city that we lov'd
To Ilfey village. Aye, the very trees

Along the hedge-row stand there with their stems,—
Their close-lopp'd stems,—all ruddy in the sun ;
Even the matted coarse and yellow grass
I see beside the pathway lank and wet.
Then too, as now, for days and days the sun
Had star'd at noontide with a cold dull stare
Thro' the great fog, the chilling Autumn's breath
Weaving the damp into a web of grey.
And then too with the golden morn, as now,
Had joy come up. The ring of early bells
Was clear and cheerful, and the gleamy noon
Had drawn across the city and the hill
The rich light of a purple atmosphere.
The river shone with more than wonted blue ;
And still I heard the dreamy bell-tones chime
Distantly from the city. Here and there
A few bright insects glane'd in mazy paths
Athwart the sloping sun-beams,—their last dance.
All was so soft and wondrous still that scarce
A single thorn-leaf trembled to the ground :
One almost look'd among the fallen leaves
For early violets.

Oh ! is there not
Peace in such gentle days for hearts that grieve ?

Is there not Spring-like hope for eyes that weep?
Surely a shadow of that sweet calm rest
The Saints have enter'd, whose long toils are o'er,
Is faintly strewn upon the peaceful earth
At this soft season;—surely some far tones
Of the great music that the Angels make
With golden harps before the mighty throne
Still circle in the gulfs of breathless air.

ALL-SAINTS' SUMMER. 1849.

Again with tender calm, and shining tears,
And sad smiles, like the first that wistful break
In sorrow-stricken homes, peaceful and pure,
The 'All-Saints' Summer' comes. Oh! I have loved
Its mellow sadness many a year gone by,
Unknowing that it bare in its sweet smile
The promise of the light of all my life,—
A Spring-tide, not a 'Summer,' of my heart.

Glory is in the great earth, and the sky,
And light and sound gush onward with a tide
Flowing to meet the stream of happy hearts
And lift their bright waves to the golden sun.
Where hath the Spring-tide tarried? For the leaves
Are searing fast, yet woodlands were not green
Till now that Summer-time is pass'd away.
Why doth the grand orb, falling thro' the sky,
Double his ancient gold? Ye trembling drops,

Where was of old your lustrous coronal?
Ye Autumn flowers, whence have ye learnt new tints?
Ye wild birds, why more rich and true your song?
Tell me, O thou that comest to my side
So quietly upon the terrace-walk,
That looketh o'er the hills and meadow-lands,
Tell me from whence they borrow all the light
They wear this day. Oft have I seen them fair,
Never so passing fair. Yea, seest thou
The glow of ruddy beeches, and the oak
Still deeply green, and poplar's yellow sheen,
And scarlet-berried hedge-rows? Seest thou
The mellow sun-ray on the ferny hill,
And shadows sleeping dark and silently
Upon the rocky summit far away?
Seest thou how the level cloud-banks shoot
Their silver darts, and yonder uplands dim
Lie glooming in the half-lit sombre haze?
Oh! ever, if God will, as years go by,
The 'All-Saints' Summers' shall be sacred days.
And thou shalt stand beside me, as to-day,
Upon the terrace-walk, and we will note
How all the might and beauty of the world
Is but in part without us, for the scene

Still draweth half its glory from the heart.
And from the heav'n above shall stream on us
Calm radiance,—not the Spring-tide's passion-glow,
But 'All-Saints' Summer's' holy peace of love.

ALL-SAINTS' SUMMER. 1854.

O Season, long time sacred to my heart,
Whose soft sad radiance hath a spell to stir
The pulses of my inmost soul, once more
Thou comest with thy wondrous dreamy calm,
Loosing the frozen spring of song to flow
About my heart, tho' with a sadder tone
Than it was wont to flow in years gone by.
For thou hast been to me a name of joy,
Thou 'Summer of All-Saints.' But, as life passeth.
'Tis well if joy give place to gentler peace.
And oh! how full of peace and holy calm
Is this sweet day! The sunlight softly strewn
On all the golden leaves,—the last fair flowers,
Almost as well lov'd as the first of Spring,—
The few gnats sailing in the breathless air,—
The trancèd rest of Nature, now her work
Is well-nigh done, smiling in peaceful hope
Of her to-morrow, yet with half-shed tears

Glist'ning for all the glory that is gone,—
I could believe the great world's heart beat low
Instinct with the same thoughts that flood thro' mine.
The holy ones at rest! How meet a day
For thoughts of rest! O God, shall we repine
That one whom we have lov'd (how deeply loved!)
This year hath join'd that blissful company?
We know that it is well, and yet we weep,
And our weak hearts, that, on the wings of faith,
Should soar into the vast eternal calm
Of Paradise, are hovering o'er a grave,
A little grave beside the shining sea.
Oh! how it comes—the rushing memory
Of that thought-crowded time, that dreamlike time,
When, by the glorious mountains far away,
We watch'd our child until the end was come.
All up the many-facèd mountain slopes
The golden gorse and purple heather gleam'd
Amidst the sunny rocks. Oh! it was fair;—
We knew that it was fair,—and yet to us
There was a mystic sadness in its beauty.
Until one day when hope burn'd up again,
And then I climb'd the highest mountain-point,
And all the earth was glad with me, the air

Sang out with joy, the sun with lustrous ray
Lit up the peakèd ranges far around,
The wild-birds sang with cheery note, the leaves
Danc'd as the breeze went by. Oh! how my heart
Joy'd in the wild hill-side and rocky points
O'erlooking the broad sea and dotted lakes
And villages and farms and hills and glades!
The sun shone on the earth, and, bright as it,
Hope shone upon my heart.

Next day I knew not
Whether the sun were bright, or earth were fair.
'Twas very dark with me: I dare not write it.
And now he sleepeth in a little grave
Beside the shining sea, the broad bright sea.
And o'er the sea there are the distant hills
Where the sun sinketh down so solemnly,
And in his sinking seemeth to unveil
Deep spaces of more glorious heavens beyond.

The holy ones at rest! Oh, happy sound!
And is our child with them—our own own child!
Yea, and in realms whose beauty passeth far
(How far we cannot know) the earthly beauty

Of his fair resting-place;—whose utter peace
Is very faintly shadow'd by the calm
And gentle radiance of this holy day;—
There doth his spirit rest.

And evermore,
While life shall last, upon the happy thoughts
And memories this day bringeth us shall pass
A shadow sad, and yet how beautiful!

GOLDEN-SAXIFRAGE.

(Pont-Vaen.)

Where budding alders drop their trellis'd shadows on the stream,
By the margin of the narrow meadow's golden breadth of gleam;
Where round about the mossy stones the glimmering water whirls
With bubbles making rings of light and strewing shadowy pearls;
Where thro' the sunlights and the shadows, by the ancient roots,
Under the grey arch fring'd with fern the arrowy ousel shoots;
Where the larch's glorious greenness shines all up the slanting height,
Greenness shining not a colour but a tender living light:
Where the sorrel hangs its graceful bells; ere yet, with dreamy glow,

The purple haze of hyacinths floats in the wood below ;—
There mid the margin-mosses, far from dusty ways of men,
The Saxifrage with lavish wealth of gold endows the glen.
Ah ! River, on thy glimmering banks, and down thy glistening sands,
Bring not the golden grains to lure unloving eager hands ;
But ever pour about thy marge the flush of golden flowers,
To make the heart rich with sweet thoughts to store for dimmer hours.

MOUNTAIN-PANSIES.

(Moelydd.)

Up among the dainty mountain-mosses,
Where the freshest breezes ever blow,
On the slopes that front the open heavens,
There, like gems, the purple pansies grow.

All around are glorious mountain-ranges,
Some in shade and some with sunlight brow'd,
And soft gleams of green and gold and purple
Fall thro' windy rents of drifting cloud.

Rough and lichen'd rocks, in knolls and ledges,
All their hollows crowded up with fern,
Break the springy turf, and round about them
Golden-blossom'd gorses brightly burn.

There, with keen eye gazing on the distance,
Standing on the wild and breezy down,
You can see full many a home and hamlet,—
See the dim spires of the far-off town.

It is here, where all is free and open,
Here, where wild winds ever come and go,
Here, with nought between them and the heavens,
That the gemlike purple pansies grow.

Open all thy soul to God's great glory,
Let all heavenly influence round thee pour,
Then thy heart, like the wide breezy mountain,
Shall with gemlike thoughts be studded o'er.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Is Winter dreaming of sweet summer hours,
As guilty men may dream of innocence,
This perfect day, that stealeth soft and still
In between moaning winds and skies of grey,
Tenderly fair, like a celestial clime
Islanded in a sullen wintry sea?
'Tis such a day as this that melts the heart
Hard beaten with the tramp of passing years,
Stirring its pulses with such trembling joy
They needs must break forth into flowers of song.

I stand alone, and gather to my soul
The strange sweet influences that are pour'd
Around me in the soft and shining calm.
Silence is on the hill, whose western slopes
Are strewn with dreamy lights like gossamer,

Whose swelling knolls are lit each with his crown
Of slanting rays, above the hollow curves
Fill'd with dim shadows, which stretch far away
To where the eastern scar falls off abrupt
In purple gloom. Silence is on the hill,
And in the trees, that, mid' the lichen'd crags,
Themselves as bare and gaunt, stand singly out
And burn with ruddy fire. And deep below
In narrow hollow, mass'd in sombre shade,
Black yew-trees brood like Night, the tender mist
Of sunrays dimly streaking their broad crowns
Over the grassy ridge ; and from their feet
A little stream comes creeping ever on
From stone to stone with tremulous whispering :
While up against their blackness, in the calm
Of airy space suffus'd with golden haze,
Dim insects float like wandering sparks of fire.

I note each separate grace ;—yet, while I stand
And marvel, over all there passeth down
A might of trancèd calm, a silent awe,
A dreamy mystery of grief-like joy,
That thro' the utter stillness and the gleam
Poureth around the heart a trembling sense

Of fair things far away. Oh! strange sweet power
In that which is itself so very fair
To banish all the present, and bring near
Only the farthest distance! Why is it
That when the scene, with all its mellow lights
And glorious hues, and with its subtile charm
Of tender influences strewn around,
Might well content with only that which is,—
Why is it that the spirit in such hour
To that which is not floateth far away,
Listening intent to delicate undertones
That vibrate now from all the viewless strings
Which bind it ever to the golden past?
Where is the touch that plays those wondrous strings,
Whisp'ring along the spaces far away
In airy music, sad, aye unto tears,
Yet oh! how perfect!—Where the mystic power
That bears the wistful heart so far far off,
Like to some bird that on its poisèd wings
All motionless is ever onward borne
By airy stream, till, passing from all ken,
It seems to vanish thro' some opal gate
Of sunset heavens?—'Tis that such a day
Standeth apart from that on either side,

All unlike in its aspect, its soft calm
Cheating the heart with sweet forgetfulness,
And in its very strangeness banishing
The sense and memory of present things,
The chills of yesterday, the morrow's rain.
It cometh in its strangeness like a dream
Apart from all before and after it,
Too strange, too bright, too tender, to belong
To present things,—its very air suffus'd
With trembling fragile visions of fair scenes
Long past and far away,—its thrilling stillness
Instinct with memories, too sad for joy,—
Too sweet for sorrow,—yet all undefin'd,
Half-memories of all bright and far-off things,
Of strange sweet feelings, such as this day stirs,
Felt long ago:—I call them memories,
Yet, as they come, they seem to pass away
In infinite longings, hopes that reach far forth
Into a mystic void that only seems
That which I want,—and very far away.
The present is all gone; and thro' my soul
Two voices pour their intense harmony,
Wordless, yet taking captive all my being
With their great song,—ev'n Memory and Hope!

Oh! why so rarely now come days like this?
Why must the daily round of trivial cares
And outward duties hang like a dark veil
Shutting away from me the loving light
Of Nature's earnest face, which once I lov'd
How eagerly! For 'twas not always so.
My childhood's home was in a town, but there
A garden-terrace look'd o'er meadow-lands
Out to a hill, whose hollow banks were rich
With knots of varied foliage. I should pass
Such scene a hundred times scarce notic'd now.
But that was then my secret store of joy,
And thither I would run alone each day,
And oft-times in a day, to taste anew
The deep mysterious draught of my delight.
There too I well remember how my heart
Leapt up exulting, with a startled joy
And sudden thrill that held the breath, to see
Cracking the wintry earth with points of green
The venturous spirelets of the crocus-buds.

O glorious joys of childhood, what are ye?
O tender lights, that floated round my path,
O heavenly beauty, strewn before my feet,

O love intense, the dower of childish years,
Whence came ye? Whither have ye pass'd away?
To-day I seem to set my foot once more
Within the borders of your fairy-land.
Oh! tell me, ere ye go, ye fleeting guests,
What message bear ye? Are ye shatter'd lights
From a more luminous sphere,—faint memories
Of that which man once was, when from God's hand
Godlike he came, and streams of heav'n's own light
Play'd round him still? Are ye dim memories
Coming all intertwin'd with splendid hopes
Which may abide, when ye are seen no more?
Yea, I will wrest an answer, ere ye pass,
And ye shall speak these words unto my soul:

'O man, that weepest for youth's golden hours,
When on the earth there lay a heavenly gleam
And lustrous radiance thou canst no more find,
Turn thou and gaze before thee.—Far away,
Over the weary plains, where thou must tread
In calm content thine ever onward path,
There on the dim horizon, faint and far,
Are striking up, like shadowy spears of fire
In northern midnights, gleams of wavering light

From some vast unseen glory. Yea, for there,
Whither thou goest, is the very fount
Whence flow'd the early radiance and the gleam
That lit the earth to thy young eyes; and there
Thou shalt behold it yet again:—but now
No dim reflection, no rare transient joy,
Gilding some blissful solitary hour,
A dream of interwoven tremulous rays,
So delicately spun, its airy woof
Melts at the breathing of a little word,
Fades at the coming of thy closest friend;—
But one eternal rapture, where all hearts
Are widen'd to embrace all joys in one,
And, banded in great love, are flooded o'er
With bliss that changeless ever seemeth new,
Seeing in glorious vision evermore
The infinite beauty, which no speck nor flaw
May sully, of the "very far off land."'

THE ALPS.

It is a great and glorious thing to be
High up among the Alpine points of snow,
When all is still and clear,—awfully still,
Intensely clear; the outlines vast and far
Vividly cut in heav'n's eternal blue,
And fring'd with orange light; majestic domes,
Huge ice-rocks, shining alway silently.
Far far down splendid vales are floating still
The golden-surfac'd clouds, the burnish'd roof,
That to the little world below makes heaven
One dimness; even as our sins and follies
Gather above our heads, and hide away
The utter radiance of God's changeless love.
Lo! point o'er point, and range surpassing range,
All gloriously illumin'd, infinite
In wealth of form; majestic sweeps of shadow:
Broad mountain bosoms, in their hollow depths
Nursing the huge blue streaming glaciers,
That with their thunderous ice-wave, thro' the silence,
Crash to the footfalls of slow-marching time.

Oh! man's desire is of the infinite:
And here is greatness which flings back the bounds
Ev'n to the farthest that may be on earth.
Thyself alone,—yet in an awful presence!
How sever'd from thy kind! how near to God!
Say'st thou the might of these stupendous things
Makes thee feel little? Scorn upon thy feeling!
It is the very pinnacle of greatness
To sit upon thy mountain-throne, and grasp
The might and grandeur of these grandest forms,
And make them all thine own:—to feel them made
For such as thee! Oh! there is more of truth
In the great feelings of an hour like this
Than men will look for. Doth it tell thee nothing
Of thine own soul? Nay—hath it not a voice
That heraldeth the greatness of that thing
Which can conceive an influence so great?
Speaketh it not of immortality,
When the whole soul o'erflows, and all around
Is vaster than thy fancy's vastest thought,
And thou dost know for once that there is that
Within thee which could feel and grasp far more
Than the cramp'd senses will let pass?
O earth,
Thou glorious thing, ineffable in beauty,

Blinding the heart with tears of painful joy,
Tell me, O earth, O heavenward mountain-slopes,
O rosy pinnacles of glistening shrines,
O airy domes that cut the archèd blue,
O myriad-facèd ice-rocks, O great vales,
Braided afar with silver river-lines,—
Tell me, what *is* your strange sublimity,
Your regal beauty, your eternal splendour?
An image, a bare chart, we know not what,
Passeth upon the brain. Aye, and the rest
Is in the soul. Oh! those are mocking proofs
That writers bring, and pall the soul's content,
Persuading it of its undying springs
With dry cold subtilty of reasoning,
To him who knows the glory that is born
Among the ancient rocks of sunny snow,
Silent and soulless, shining evermore!

O God, and shall my stricken heart thrill low
With rapture, like great music, and not pour
One strain to Thee? And yet oh! give me words
To pay a tithe of what is in my heart!

LLANFIHANGEL.

(A Village near Tal-y-Llyn.)

The May-flies hover'd in the heat,
And stood upon the lake,
And the quiet trout seem'd scarce to dare
The lazy calm to break.

And up the mountain-side I went,
And o'er the mountain-back,
And saw no trace of human-kind
Upon my silent track.

Beyond the mountain-ranges far
I mark'd the level sea,
And a breeze that way upon my brow
Came blowing pleasantly.

And all the outlines, bound with heav'n,
Were quivering in the sun,—
And from my heart self-bidden streams
Of thankfulness would run.

It was the holy day of rest,
And, when the breezes fell,
There seem'd to dream within my ear
The tolling of a bell.

So faintly, that I listen'd oft
To tell if it were true;
Yet, when I listen d, evermore
The breezes voiceless blew.

And o'er the moss and springy turf,
As holden by a spell,
I follow'd with an eager foot
The phantom of the bell.

Until it smote me loud and clear,
And, where the shapeless hill
Fell off abrupt with rocky face,
I stood in wonder still.

For deep below in hollow glen
A little village lay;—
I never saw a fairer sight
Than I saw upon that day;—

A stream all golden in the sun
'Mid ancient elm-trees crept,
And the light was on their rounded tops,
And deep their shadows slept.

And golden-grey the old church-tower
Its summons sweetly peal'd;
And long the train that gather'd in
From hill-side and from field.

Oh! happy if ye knew the home
In which ye live and die!
Ye only curse its barrenness,
And pass its beauty by.

SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.

Thou say'st that it is nobler far to sing
Of Man, with all his majesty of will,
His Godlike mind, his mysteries of thought,
His might of hope and dread and joy and woe,
The crown of all creation,—than to sing
God's lesser works, the things in earth and sky
Most beautiful, the mountains, and the wood,
The breezy lake, and clouds suffus'd with light
And hues unutterable, the delicate flower,
The voicèd spring,—all perfect things that move
The loving heart to thankfulness and joy;—
Man is the poet's subject.

Be it so:—

Then I will plead great lack of nobler thoughts,
And of the skill to mould them into rhyme.

Be mine the lowlier aim: for on my heart
Never hath deed of high renown, or scene
Of tender interest, drawn by purest art,
Fall'n with such true and living influence
As some sweet passing touch that hath awak'd
A memory of Nature's simple truth.
And I would dwell in that which is divine,
Least fallen; I would train my heart to feel
The mystic might of things that never change,
Things whose great meaning always is the same,
Whose voices always speak to them that hear,—
The glory and the beauty of the world.
Yes, I would change thy saying, if I might;
Man is the poet's *object:* there we meet.
To make man feel what he himself hath felt,
This is the poet's work. To rouse the heart,
By all the gentle artifice of verse
Winning the imagination to our side
And gaining subtle entrance, to smite then
With all those touches that have smitten us
For pleasure or for good:—this is our work.

O Nature! high and pure and holy Nature!
Grant me the lowliest place within thy courts,

Where I may serve thee, winning golden smiles.
Oh for the voice of song to hymn thy might!
Oh for the genius that should set in rhyme
All richly chased the jewels of thy wealth
For men to gaze upon! Yea, I would tell
Of wondrous thoughts, and courage, and resolve,
And holy hope, and power to conquer life,
Born of the eternal stars;—such truth and power
As never proudest deed of man best told
Hath given: I would tell of glorious joy
Gather'd among the lonely glist'ning snows
Of Alpine summits; of large stores of love
Drawn from the moving shadows of the woods;
Of praise o'erflowing midst the sunny slopes
Of hills; and valleys that have made me pray.
Oh! I could pass in memory one by one
A thousand station-points, rich varied scenes
Of plain and mountain, moors and riverside,
Sunsets, and glorious nights, and first spring days,
Deep woodland hollows, rock-clefts fring'd with ferns,
The roll of mighty waves, the still blue lake,
The wide earth and the airy ocean seen
From mountain-summits, the pale light of mists,
The full-ton'd colouring of clouded days:—

Points where my heart hath halted in its journey
And laid up stores for all its after need.

That moment when upon the gloomy pass
Thro' clouds and dreary wastes ascending slow
First I could pierce Dunlow's long rugged gorge,
And through the rent, as through a wondrous glass,
(The roof all hung with curtains of thick cloud,)
Could see far off a little glittering space
Of sunny plain,—that moment is to me
A rich possession, richer far than e'er
I won from plain where classic battle rag'd,
Or town where storied names have liv'd and wrought.

An hour of calm pure moonlight, all too brief,
Beside thy ripply marge, O fair Lugano,
That perfect night, when shoreward breezily
The quivering waters all their shining tost,
Is worth to me all hours that e'er I pass'd
Tracking memorials of mighty men
In castles camps and palaces.
And thou,
Sweet Shelsley, 'mid the wanderings of my thought
And dreamy recollections of fair spots,

Now gatherest up thy beauties one by one,
Building thyself into a perfect truth.
Oh ! to awake unto a woodland scene,
To gaze with the first look on golden fields
And curvèd hill-sides bower'd with shadowy trees,
The freshness and the beauty and the sun,
When thou hast dwelt in some great town, and seen
From thy dim lattice nought but dreary streets
And smoke and misery,—what joy of joys !
Thus, fairest Shelsley, on thy perfect vale
I gaz'd entranc'd on one sweet summer morn.
From a long slope I look'd across the fields,
The lush and flowery fields, where gentle Teme
Glided amidst his willows, to the hills
That opposite were ruddy as they woke,
Lifting their dewy freshness to the day.
The butterflies were fluttering on the grass,
The swallows rac'd and twin'd in giddy maze,
With tiny joyous scream, incessantly :—
And I was glad with them.

And then a voice
Spake in my soul, disloyally it spake :—
'Oh for a lot cast amid all that's fair,
'Where my great work might only be to learn

'The glory and the beauty of God's earth!'
But soon another voice made answer thus:—
'A truer wisdom were alway to take
'Beauty within thy heart, a gentle inmate,
'Cheering thy steps, like music after toil.
'Thy portion is not here; go, work thy work.'

A DAY'S INFLUENCE.

—•

The Day is gone,—but not its power. It sped
As May-winds fanning over vapoury meads
Stir the slow mist, and for the wakening sun
Make scented paths, and so pass on their way.
Its minutes brake in tender argent waves—
Floods of bright life—rain of clear trembling thoughts,
With music strangely sweet, near yet far off
At once, upon the sandbeach of my heart.
The tide is gone,—but not its gifts. The shore
Is strewn with fair things yet, the veinèd stone,
The lucid shell. Upon life's waveless sand
Lies here a thought, a loving fancy there:
And still the dreamy song of unseen waves
Falls, as I listen, with its airy pulse.
And yet the Day is gone,—the golden Day!

The great procession ever sweepeth by,
Day following day,—voiceless they pass and same,

Most but not all, like men. For thou, O Day,
Camest, as one 'mid many friends may come,
Endow'd with large heart-moving utterance,
Whose lingering cadences are trembling still
Upon the trancèd air, like surge of waves
Following the inland journeyer's wistful ear,
Or memory's singing of unbidden songs.

At morn I saw a well-remember'd scene,
Lov'd well and safely stor'd long years ago;—
Black fir-trees framing all the burnish'd mist
That drap'd the hollow of the sloping town,
The high church-tower upshooting sunny-clear,
And gleamy uplands softly fair beyond.
But not in lustrous day-dreams lay the spell.

At night I saw God's host, the angel-stars,
Marching their awful march thro' infinite space,
Serenely pure, divinely beautiful.
But not in glorious starlight lay the power.

For *he* was there, who of all men the most
Swayeth my inmost heart with love and power.
Shall painter teach to stranger eyes the smile

That draweth sweetness from its varyings?
And shall I with rude handling and dead words
Mar the soft spell,—rending the delicate flower
To scan the secret of its loveliness?
Yet this much know; that as the wavering maze
Of tender sunlight under vernal woods
Fills all the soul with love, so love is born
From all his gentle moods of graceful mirth;
And from his graver thoughts upsprings such power
As silence breathes beneath the vivid stars.

Alas! the poet sings but half he feels;
The hearer feels but half the poet sings.
The golden Day is gone behind the West:
And none may know what memory of joy
Is bound up with that day; how soft a light
Shines from it on dim hours of lonely toil;
How it stands mark'd amid those sacred days
That leave not where they find the heart of man,
But drop their gifts into its store of love.

SUNSET.

(As seen from Kidderminster.)

The sun has set, the sky is calm,
The western uplands dim,
Stand out into the golden light
With sharp and fringe-like rim.

A roll of clouds like indigo
Hangs in the lower sky,
All edg'd above with crimson fire,
And pil'd up gloriously.

And far behind are flakes and flaws
And streaks of purest red,
And feathery dashes, paling slow,
Still linger overhead.

And far far off—how far it looks!—
The sky is green and clear.
And still in front a little flight
Of black clouds saileth near.

O wondrous sight! O joyous hour!
Ye workmen passing by,
Why stay ye not your boisterous mirth
To gaze upon the sky?

Ye merry children playing near,
Why stop ye not your play,
To see how God with glory crowns
The closing of the day?

Oh! would that they whose weary minds
The things of sense enthral,
Upon whose life but scanty rays
Of grace and beauty fall,—

Would that they knew what noble store
Of purest joy and love
Is given to bless the poor man's lot,
And lift his heart above!

CADER IDRIS.

Thou Form sublime, that drawest upward ever
To airy points thy far receding slopes,—
Cathedral mountain, 'mid the thousand shrines
That lift their gorgeous steeples all around,
Replete with heavenward praise, where every morn
The wild winds ring for worship; let me add
My puny voice to all the mighty chant
That down thy sculptur'd aisles a thousand streams
Chant as they march white-vested. Temple vast,
Great Dome, instinct with awe and thought profound,
Whose silent regions and unmeasur'd space
Distil a sense of power and majesty,
Whose mighty walls of fretted rock, and slopes
That front all aspects of the hollow sky,—
Whose forms that in their changes infinite
Make thee complete in unity,—whose vastness
And grandeur, that do unimpair'd embrace
The exquisite perfection of each part

Wrought with minutest skill,—whose noon-day glory
Scor'd with black shades of deep-cut masonry,—
Whose vaults with lavish beauty studded, boss'd
With cluster of huge angles, feather'd o'er
With foliage of all grace,—whose marble floors
Of airy lakes, that see the starry hosts
March nightly by,—whose proud head wreathèd round
With lightning storms,—whose sudden shouting rush
Of hurricane, and tumult of swift winds,—
Whose winter torrents, and whose glazèd snows,—
Yea and whose gem-like flower most delicate
Nurs'd in a cleft of rock amid the spray
Of waterfalls,—all gloriously exalt
Thine awful Architect;—I would bow low,
Great Mountain, in thy vast and silent courts,
Filling my soul with worship unto Him
Who built thee for a temple to His praise.

RETROSPECT.

I was walking in an old wood
On the morning of New Year's Day:
In a thoughtful and dreamy mood
Had I walk'd along my way.

The tall trees were grey and sear,
And a red leaf hung on the bramble;
And there did I meet the Old Year,
Like myself, on a lonely ramble.

He was wondrously tall and thin,
Just like a bare old tree;
His bones look'd white thro' his skin,—
I was sure that it must be he.

His head was so snowy white,
And his eye was so sad with tears,
That I thought that I must be right,
That sad look must be the Old Year's.

'Old Year,' I said, 'if it be
'That my eyes are not something dim,'—
(And an awe crept over me
As trembling I spake to him,—)

'Old Year, thou art dead and gone,
'Buried at midnight drear;
'Why comest thou pale and wan
'To walk like a spectre here?'

'Good Friend,' the Old Year said,—
(And his voice was like the breeze
Mournfully over-head
Passing among the trees,—)

'Good Friend, men think that we die,
'But their thoughts are blind and vain;
'There's a day drawing ever nigh,
'When they shall meet us again.

'Face to face we shall meet,—
'Ah me! for the folly of men;
'Our birth they merrily greet,—
'How will they greet us then?'

'Oh! I wrong'd thee,' I cried, 'Old Year,
'And thy brothers that long have past;
'Had I known them better here,
'I could meet them better at last.'

'When thou walkest in this old wood,
'Thou mayest meet them all,' said he;
'Now I'll teach thee to thine own good,
'If thou wilt be taught of me.'

So he taught me a lesson grave,
And thither I oft return:
But I tell not the lesson he gave,—
Thou canst go for thyself and learn.

HABBERLY VALLEY.

(Near Kidderminster.)

Out from the gloomy rows of homes—(what homes
For man with his home-loving heart!)—far out
Beyond the discontented murmuring
Of streets that throb with the great looms, where!
Day after day sad-hearted move along,—
Far out this holy evening have I past.

It is an evening of such temperament
As makes the heart gush out with streams of beauty,
Mingling its own with that which is without,
Making a tenfold loveliness. I choose
The head of a small valley for my throne,
And all the spirits of beauty do my bidding.
The soft turf where I sit is intertwin'd
With mosses delicate, and eyebrights pure
Dot all its smoothness, with rock-roses frail
And crimson-lipp'd cup-moss; and on the stone,

That stands out rough and grey on either side,
Grow maiden-hair and tufts of purple heath.
And far away above the swelling copse
And ferny hollow with its close-cropt grass,
Where the sheep browse and tinkle their small bells,
And far beyond the green and level fields,
Whose trees crowd up upon the slanting sight
Into one constant woodland, there is rear'd
Beautiful Malvern, purple-rob'd and faint,
With sunny streaks upon his western summit.

Oh! know'st thou not when evening fair as this
Will call back to thy mind far other scenes
Of bygone years when thou hast felt the same,
And memory pours sweetness on the thought
And absence sorrow, 'til thou needst must weep?
So I will dream awhile. I'll lay me here
Upon the thymy hill, with eyes half-clos'd
And pondering the swimming depths of blue.
The slanting sun plumeth the gnats with gold
That dance across my sight; the fresh young breeze,
That slept all day, cometh across the vale;
And oh! a flood hath set unto my soul—
A flood of eddying thoughts—the strange sad sense

Of utter loneliness, and time, and change,—
The bright bright days of old, the ancient scenes
Full of a thousand bursting memories,
All of sad hue, and yet how beautiful!

O ye soft airs, and sunny warmth of heaven,
Ye sounds and sights I love, ye have a spell
To conjure up dead feelings, and old dreams,
And ancient homes of thought, long ruinous,
And flowers that now are food for canker-worms.
Ye sympathies that bind the living heart
To all the outward glory of the earth,
Ye pour swift streams of recollections round me,
That ripple onward to the far far past,
Till my whole soul is full of their sad music!
I wander far away;—I see again
The glorious haunts of former days, those scenes
That taught me first of beauty and of love.
I see the graves of many hopes and joys;
Aye, and about the graves are flitting still
The shades of things that were. O happy days,
Light-hearted days, again ye wander by,
Spectre-like company! the same, yet change
The very lights and shadows pass again,

And yet they seem half-new. Ah! Memory,
Wander thou where thou wilt, thou canst not banish
That sense of distance and of creeping change,
That linketh all the present to the past:—
Seek thou what fairest times and scenes thou wilt,
Times and scenes crowded with life's sunniest flowers,
Thou'lt find some straggling wreaths of sadder hue,
Whose root is in the present, twining there!

THE WINTER BIRTHDAY.

Rimy webs are on the thistles,
Silver-clad comes forth the morn,
Near and shrill the black bird whistles
On the scarlet-berried thorn.

Then with silent blinding fall
In the eddies of the breeze
Weave the clouds their mighty pall
For the old year's obsequies.

Then the mould'ring fog comes round
With the South-wind's sickly breath,
Drops the wood with dismal sound,
Dropping to the sod beneath.

Every place is chill and raw,
Dreary winds moan as they go;
Rivers, swollen with the thaw,
Roll their sands, and overflow.

Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stack'd the balmy hay,
Since they reap'd the golden ear.

It hath gone—the glorious summer;
So the years go, speeding past;
Onward, onward,—each new comer
Swifter speeding than the last.

Can thy life no semblance borrow
From the passing of the years;
Peace to-day, and strife to-morrow,—
Day of hope, and night of tears

On the ocean of existence
Waves of change for ever roll;—
Waves that, echoing thro' all distance
Speak in thunder to the soul.

For the seasons, as they go,
Are the shades of human things,
Changing with a ceaseless flow,
Constant in their varyings.

Said I, 'change'? Yea, such as storm
Sweeping over ocean's face
Maketh in earth's mighty form
Travelling onward into space.

What is that to those who *live?*
Life is something higher far.
'Change'! the name I'd sooner give
To the tremblings of a star!

Said I 'change'? Nay, let the blast
Stir the surface as it may,
Still the soul, like planet vast,
Holdeth stedfast on its way.

That is *Life* which never ends;—
Brother, such have thou for thine;—
Road that on and onward wends,
Vast eternal discipline.

Scorn upon the idle mind
That dwells within the things without,
Passive to the veering wind
That tosses empty ships about.

Seize the helm with dauntless will,
Cleave the waves that round thee roar;
Storm or sunshine, onward still
Cleave them straightly evermore.

Touch thou with a rod of power
That which passeth day by day;
Bid the fortune of the hour
Thy calm even will obey.

All events that men call chance,
All things thou dost see and feel,
All the might of circumstance,—
Wrest them strongly to thy weal.

Tho' the outward things around thee
Be but partly understood,
Let their presence not confound thee,—
Bend them to thy endless good.

So the changes, swiftly hasting,
So the chief events of life,
Transient joys, and sorrows lasting,
Peaceful calm, and passion's strife,—

All shall come as comes the snow,
  All shall like the sun-ray die,
For thy soul doth truly know
  These have no eternity.

But they have a voice in going,
  Like the day that passeth o'er,
And their tide in its back-flowing
  Leaves its gifts of heavenly lore.

Brother! oh! be this our Life,
  True and earnest, deep and strong,
Far above the world's vain strife
  Cleaving stedfastly along.

Be it such that, when earth's day
  With its hasty work is done,
All of ill shall fall away,
  And the life shall still live on!

HYMN OF PRAISE,

On the appearance of the Northern Lights.

O God, Thy glory is abroad this hour
Flushing the pure calm face of saintly Night;
Who seemeth, as she sitteth on her throne,
To gather all her powers into praise,
And in exulting joy to worship Thee
With the full beauty of her holiness.
See where among the feather'd clouds flows on
A wondrous sea of rosy waves!—and swords
Of brightness strike up from the northern distance
Ev'n to the highest heavens, where the stars
Seem crowding westward like far companies
Of angels going up to some high feast,
As the wind moves the light clouds onwards! See
How all the spaces of the moonless sky
Are blue against the fire-flood! And, o'er all,

Broad ceaseless waves of streaming radiance flow
In a swift tide across the trembling heavens,
As tho' some storm-wind cours'd them from the pole!
Lo! hath an awful daybreak gloriously
Burst forth among the stars at midnight hour,
Climbing the topmost skies with giant-strides,
Impatient of the long delay that melts
The darkness into daylight? Or hath Eve
Forgotten her sweet office, and come back
From gathering in the lagging hues that trail
Behind her lord the sun, to see for once
The wonders of the night that followeth her?
Oh! everchanging beauty! Now it ebbeth,
Sucking, as doth the sea, its airy billows
Back to the margin of the sky, and now
It poureth up once more, with strength renewed
Passing its former bounds, and gushing on
In creek and bay!

O mighty mighty Night!
Yea, rather, mighty God, who makest night,
For Thy great glory I give thanks to Thee!
My heart is full of praise I cannot speak:
Oh! if its song be inarticulate,

Yet be it, God, as true to Thee as Night's,
Who in her stillness praiseth Thee the most,
With her fair earnest face turned full on Thee,
All senses lost in one deep speechless worship!

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

Oh! warm, ye gleams of early years,
Around my heart ye throng,
'Till melting streams of frozen tears
Flow down, with ancient song.

Old words all link'd with childish glee,—
Old thoughts remember'd now,—
The ring of bells,—the frosted tree,—
The sparkling holly-bough,—

The hymn we said with happy pride
To those that are no more,—
The tune we heard in church, and tried
To sing, when church was o'er,—

All memories of joyous things,
That were unto the boy,
The mirth of this glad season brings
To stir the man with joy.

The holly from its darkling leaves
Old feelings raineth down,
And old old dreams the chiming weaves,
That cometh from the town.

But chief of all a charm there lies,
To fill the pondering soul,
In that sweet chant that from the skies
O'er Bethlehem's shepherds stole.

What tho' the passing of the hours
Has soften'd all the view,
And on the light of spring-time bowers
Are tints of mellower hue,—

'Tis sweet to blend with calm content
Light-hearted joys long flown,
Soft shadows of a merriment,
That may not now be known.

I would not now those joys replace,
That light heart of the past,
To lose the melancholy grace,
That years upon them cast.

One single note I would not drown,
Unreal tho' it be,
Of that sweet song that trembleth down
From soaring memory.

Oh! happy they who harmonize
The man's deep earnest part
With strains of simple songs that rise
From childhood's joyous heart.

And oh! that ever, as I go
My destin'd way on earth,
I could but bid around me flow
Such tones of heavenly birth!

Yet long long seasons still there are
When these sweet songs are dumb,
When holy things seem faint and far,
And life grows wearisome;—

When manhood's fire, and boyhood's glee,
Alike lie cold and dead;—
When faith lacks strength to rise and see
The great things overhead;—

When fervour pines, and zeal and love
And interest decay ;—
When duties flag, and slowly move
The footsteps of the day.

Oh ! then I sometimes wish that I
Were such as I have known,
Whose gladsome moments lightly fly,
As they have ever flown.—

Yet better the calm work of man
Than gladness of the boy ;—
So let me work the while I can,—
And leave to God the joy.

A DREAM.

RECORDED AS FAITHFULLY AS POSSIBLE.

I DREAMT a dream last night so fair
That it hath not vanish'd all the day,
But hangeth yet in the mid-noon glare,
Like a sunny mist o'er a landscape bare,
Making it beautiful and gay.

I dreamt that we travell'd merrily,
(We three—my brother and sister and I,)
Merrily on in a foreign land,
Where the sun was warm, and the breeze was cool,
And the mountains rose up on either hand,
And the valley between was beautiful.
Gaily we travell'd on in the sun,
And we watch'd the glorious mountains rise,
Backward and backward, 'till that far one
Whose icy point shot into the skies:—
And one said, 'That way our journey lies.'
And we thought how wonderful it would be

When up on that shining rock to see
Over the West the sunset glow,
And the mountain summits all ranged below,
And the road we had travell'd merrily.

But suddenly in our wondering mood
We came to the edge of a little wood;
And we drove straight thro' on the springy moss,
And the shade was silent and dark and green,
And the boughs so thickly were twin'd across
That little the blue sky seen between.
And then we came to a virgin lake,
Where never the fall of a weary breeze
The image of margin-mosses brake
Round the mighty roots of the ancient trees.
And as, I ween, you may chance to see
In some quaint book of Mythology
An Ocean-god in his car of shell
Cleaving the waters that round him swell,—
So with one bold plunge we brake the spell,
And shatter'd the quiet imagery.
And we rode thro' the waters swift and strong,
With a mighty purpose and steadfast gaze,
Dashing the crystals that trembled along

To the very marge with a million rays.
And a joy and a triumph and conscious might
Rested serene, as a crown of gold,
On the upward brow that was bent so bold
On the distant Alp with its rosy light,
Over the green trees rosy-white.
And many times did we peer below
Where the waters were brighter than those that flow
Under the walls of Zurich town,
To the blue lake evermore gushing down.
And we saw the mosses golden and brown
In a tiny forest deep away
Distinct with delicate branch and spray.
And over the sunny surface wide
There swam and swung with a pearly light,
Like birds on the sea at eventide,
Great flocks of water-lilies white;
Yet not like others, but fairer far,
For their delicate wings all seem'd to be
Gleaming with light transparently,
And crowned in the midst with a golden star.
And oh! it was childlike joy to part
The shining water with down-stretch'd hand,
And to see the broken surface start

And wide in glittering curves expand.
And on, and on, all adown the lake
We clove the waters and left our wake,
All before us as strangely still
As the future that hideth its good and ill,
And all behind us trembling on
In the misty sunlight that slanting shone,
Like a memory soft of things that are gone.
And methought, when the evening light was o'er,
And the folded shadows came dimly down,
We sat and talk'd on the quiet shore
Of the glorious Alp with its snowy crown.
And the peace of the present was pure and deep,
And the hope of the future was calmly bright.
And oh! I would that the dream of sleep
Had its counterpart in the hours of light!
For methinks 'twere easy to twine my song
With a moral sweet and a lesson true,
Of blending the near and distant view,
And charming the road, as we travel along,
With a lofty aim and a purpose strong.

SPRING RIDE.

(Leaton Knolls, near Shrewsbury.)

O sister, 'twas so sweet a time,
Our ride of yesterday,
I needs must turn it into rhyme,
Lest all should fade away.

And it may be a pleasant thing,
When colder-hearted grown,
To catch a faint reëchoing
Of feelings that are flown.

'Twas after show'rs of gentle rain
Had past across the sky,
And clear'd the vapours from the plain,
And brought the distance nigh,

On one of those soft days ere yet
The woodbine leaves unfold,
While garden-plots are thickly set
With aconites of gold,

We rode out in a fitting mood
A joyous heart to win,
And all the outward springing woo'd
The joyousness within.

We rode between the meadow-lands,
And many a gleaming sheet
Of red earth shot with greenest bands
Of early-growing wheat:

We heard the thrush's wild rich song
Full of the bursting spring,
We saw the tree-buds all along
In soft light glimmering:

Until we reach'd that fairest spot
Where, opening out between,
On either side a lonely knot
Of fir-trees dark and green

Stood out into the depth of sky
Like night against its blue,
A mighty frame of ebony
For all the glorious view.

And thro' the grassy hollow there,
The woodlands golden-brown,
With curving slopes dipt onward where
The river runneth down.

And all the wide plain darkly clear
Was throng'd with richest hues,
One tint could not be added there,
One tint we could not lose.

The clouds were cluster'd overhead,
And but a single gleam
Fring'd the tree-tops with softest red
Above the river's stream.

But oh! I would that I could paint
The glories far away,
Where with excess of brightness faint
The mountain ranges lay;

The foremost dark with shades distinct,
The hindmost drown'd in light,
Range after range in grandeur link'd
Alternate dark and bright!

It seemed as tho' the mountain-piles,
That crown'd the farthest West,
Scarce hid those fabled happy isles
With cloudless sunshine blest.

Oh would I might to other's eye
That close-writ page unroll,
Whose everlasting memory
I drink into my soul;

Whose influence thro' smiles and tears
Shall last as it began;
A happiness for after years,
A new part of the man!

THE SETTING OF THE MOON.

A NIGHT of feignèd cheer and soulless words
Was past, and weary of its emptiness
I sought my chamber, and, alone once more,
I raised my blind, and stood in great amaze
To watch the full-lit moon go slowly down,
Awful in grandeur. Huge and red she set,
Slow falling down from midst the glimmering stars
In the dead stillness of the mighty night.
Over her head there glow'd a dim red flush,
Such light as I have mark'd a distant furnace
Cast on a clouded sky. The night was clear,
And strangely solemn in its purity.
And all the stars grew stronger as she fell.
And when the last bright speck had pass'd away
Behind the hills, and only the dim glow
Still told where she had sunk, I turn'd and said,
'They liken sunset to a good man's death :

'Let mine be like the setting of the moon;
'That hath no luxury nor rich parade,
'But passeth in the great deep calm of awe
'And reverent silence, earthly sight and sound
'Not daring to come nigh, yea human eyes
'But few to witness: only distant stars,
'Glimpses of other worlds, piercing the veil,
'And brightening as she sinks:—such be my death.'

HOMEWARD.

Losing sight of Cader Idris.

Round this purpled shoulder, like a pageant,
One by one the mountain summits die :—
Even as earth's narrow outlines near us
Hide the infinite glories from the eye.

Homeward once again. Ah ! vanish'd mountains,—
Like old friends, your faces many a day
O'er the bowery woods shall rise before me
And the level corn-lands far away.

By the dreamy rippling in the sunlight,
By the windy surgings of the shore,
Up the thymy sheep-tracks thro' the heather,
I must wander, glad of heart, no more.

Yet I bear with me a new possession ;
For the memory of all beauteous things
Over dusty tracks of straiten'd duties
Many a waft of balmy fragrance brings.

Was it thriftless waste of golden moments
That I watch'd the seaward-burning West,
That I sought the sweet rare mountain-flowers,
That I climb'd the rugged mountain-crest,—

That I wander'd up the narrowing valleys,
Plying oft the angler's lonely art,
Valleys deepening from the glorious ocean
Far into the mountain's silent heart,—

Splendid glens, instinct with magic beauty,—
Glimmering lights among the tender green,—
Glancing waters, trembling into hollows,
Thro' the lattic'd branches dimly seen,—

Upward still to wilder lonelier regions,
Where the patient river fills his urn
From the oozy moorlands, 'mid the boulders
Cushion'd deep in moss and fring'd with fern,—

That I wander'd, treasuring the beauties,—
Unfamiliar forms to lowland eye,—
Filling all the soul with silent praises
For the glory of the earth and sky?

Let me rather deem that I have gather'd,
On the lustrous shore and gleamy hill,
Strength to bravely do the daily duty,
Strength to calmly bear the chancing ill.

FUNERAL OF A CHILD IN SPRING.

Every rounded hawthorn spray
Shines with sunny tufts of May;—
And the child was bright as they.

Now there is a silent gloom,
While about the open tomb
All the turf is burst in bloom.

With a solemn wondering air,
Six little children slowly bear
Their strange and mournful burden there.

And they think, as they go on,
How like some young flow'r she shone,
Scarce believing she is gone.

'Tis so strange to pass away
While the grass they tread is gay
With the blue Veronica.

And they wonder if the dead
Passeth with a silent tread
Thro' the blueness overhead;

If the spirit, sailing near,
Doth their sobs of mourning hear,
Pondereth the shining tear;

If upon her sunny wings
She may visit brighter things
Than the light of earthly springs.

Oh! it is a solemn scene
Thus to part from what hath been
When the earth is virgin-green.

Other children play around,
And the air is full of sound,
And the earth with light is crown'd.

Yet the little mourners stand
Round the grave, a weeping band,
And share their sorrows, hand in hand.

Children! hearken to the Spring,
With her voice in everything,
Balm unto your sorrowing.

Children! watch the verdure shine,
And with quiet gladness twine
Wreaths of flowers for a sign.

Plant upon the rounded clay
Plants that shall be blooming gay
Every year upon this day.

For the seed, that now ye sow
In the chilly earth below,
Shall a glorious flower blow:—

"Sown in weakness, rais'd in power,"
In the eternal Springtide's bower
It shall bloom, a glorious flower!

THE THUNDER CLOUD.

Vivid against the mighty thunderstorm
Stand up the sunny trees into the sky,
Bright in the darkness, all distinct in form,
And, as the breeze goes by
That freshens onward, glittering cheerfully.

And see how gloriously the silver spire
Is piercing up just where the sullen cloud
Breaks in uneven rent of ruddy fire;
And all the hill is brow'd
With light, cut out into the awful shroud.

How often with a cold and dreary swell
The fields on that same hill slope far away!
And when the sky is clear, you scarce could tell
The church, so bright to-day,
Were there, still pointing to the heav'n as aye.

And who shall say the sorrow-clouds we meet
With no new lustre clothe the forms between;
And that the hope and joy are not more sweet
Because that there hath been
A cloud and rain-drops on the shining scene!

Oh! if the Church's hand to weary eye
Point up to heav'n more plainly than before,
If on dim earth a heavenly radiance lie,—
Then let us weep no more,
But the dark cloud, for all it shows, adore!

LUCERNE BY MOONLIGHT.

'Tis like a very calm and solemn death
Of sainted maiden dying.
All is so softly silent; yea the breath
Of sleeping flowers is lying
Close round them in a quiet odorous wreath.

All things half shining in mysterious light,
Throwing ebon shades;
And dimly silver'd mountains pale and white
Rising among dark glades,
Like mystic dreamlands opening up to sight.

A calm and solemn death! All that is near
Beautiful but uncertain:
The very distant stars silently peer
Down thro' their mighty curtain,—
The great eternal strangely seen from here.

Dark earth below—dim mystic scenes between—
More mystic heavens still higher!
And ever from the shore on which I lean,
Like a chariot-path of fire,
Swells thro' the lake a track of moonlight-sheen,
As if a bright course to the things unseen.

STARS AND GRAVES.

"Solemn before us
Veil'd, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent."

GOETHE.

THE Poet scann'd with mighty awe
The mystery of man ;
He spake the strange things that he saw :
And thus it ran :—

'The silent stars are overhead,
'The silent graves below :
'A dream between—how quickly fled !—
'Is all we know.'

He pointed up—he pointed down—
The witnesses were there.
O'er the between a veil was thrown
He could not tear.

The Preacher saw the hand he rais'd,
And heard the words he spake;
And in his soul with grief amaz'd
A fire outbrake.

'Poet,' he cried, 'the things we see
'They are not all we know;
'The web of thy philosophy
'I rend it so:—'

He pointed with his eager hand
Behind and then before,—
'And there, and there, for ever stand
'Two wonders more.

'The silent stars sing out with mirth,
'The graves with grass are green:—
'Christ cometh twice upon the earth;—
'We live between!'

THE HOME VIEW.

Oh ! God be praisèd for a home
  Begirt with beauty rare,
A perfect home, where gentle thoughts
  Are train'd mid' scenes so fair.

And where (God grant it so) the heart
  That loves a beauteous view,
The while it grows in truth and taste,
  May grow in goodness too.

For 'tis my creed that part to part
  So clingeth in the soul,
That whatsoe'er doth better one,
  That bettereth the whole :

And whoso readeth nature's book
Wide spread throughout the earth,
Will something add unto his love
Of wisdom and of worth.

Then God be praisèd for a home,
With dower of beauty blest,
That seeth o'er a sunny plain
The mountains in the West—

Fair hills, where tender hues and tints
With flecks of sunshine stray,
So full of change that some new grace
Comes up with each new day;

Now cut in the clear depth of sky
With outline sharp and pure;
Now distanc'd by the hazy sun,
In misty lights obscure.

I see them now all softly shine
In one wide azure glow,
While bands of shadow o'er the lands
Between are moving slow.

And now all dark in solemn range
At evening hour they stand,
Fring'd upward to green spaces clear
With shining orange band.

On gleamy days I see full oft
A fall of sunrays drop,
Gently as flocks of birds alight,
Upon a southern slope.

Or else I see them softly steal
Up some gorse-golden steep,
Or down a hazel-feather'd gorge,
Slowly, like browsing sheep.

The passing storm will oft throw out
(In sunny contrast seen)
Upon the grassy mountain-side
A space of vivid green.

And oft a train of distant smoke
(So in God's earth and sky
All things have beauty, rightly seen,)
Like silver floweth by.

And every hue that painters know,
And every shade they love,
Cometh upon those beauteous hills,
Down from the heavens above.

And I might sing of fairest things
Within the nearer plain,
And count the glorious works of God
Once more in scanty strain.

For there are meadows golden green,
Where shadows broad and deep
Of rounded elms, and dark-leav'd oaks,
And crookèd hawthorns, sleep.

And there are wooded banks and curves,
Uprising far and nigh,
And gracefully thro' copsewood slopes
The poplar shooteth high.

And thus by morning and by eve,
The same yet ever new,
I drink into my inmost soul
The glories of the view:—

Thanking the God of heaven and earth
For making all so fair;
And hallowing my perfect joy
With praises and with prayer.

THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN.

(A Plot in the Churchyard reserved for Children only.)

Where is the children's garden-ground?—
Near the church, where the stately lime
Hums all day with a dreamy sound
In the leafy summer-time.

What is the seed in that garden sown?—
It is poor and feeble and little worth,
And we sow it in tears, in the cold dim earth
Buried deep deep down.

Tell me, when will the spring-tide be?—
When the Day-star riseth upon the gloom,
And He who maketh each flower and tree
Biddeth the garden bloom.

How will blossom that garden-plot?—
Rows of lilies, all pure and white
As woodland snow-wreaths without a spot,
Shining with living light.

What are those blossoms so brightly fair?—
The little ones, at the trumpet's sound
Springing up in their beauty there
From the children's garden-ground.

SUNSET AT DURHAM.

(From the Prebends' Bridge.)

To all the town the sun is set;
Yet glorious on the hill
The mighty House of God is wrapt
In golden sunlight still.

The giant shadow hath crept on,
From yonder uplands cast,
And over tree and over bank
Its silent foot hath past.

But now it seemeth for a while
To hold its stealthy pace
In conscious awe, before it touch
The holy building's base.

Under its dusky shroud I see
The shadowy river glide,
And grey mists gather fast between
Dim banks on either side.

The winter trees are cold and black,
The winter wind moans by,
And sunless all the distant fields
Slope upward drearily.

But high o'er all one building burns
So wonderfully bright,
One scarce can deem it shineth not
With more than earthly light!

For golden gleam the ancient towers
Against the cloud behind,
And all the tender tracery
With golden fire is twin'd.

An awful pile of living light
Above a darken'd world!
A standard, writ with gleaming words
Of love, from heaven unfurl'd!

A vision bright,—an angel form
Pois'd o'er the dim low ground,
In its own radiance enshrin'd
'Mid dusky shades around.

Oh! shall the scene to no glad thought
Of thankful hope give birth,
Of triumph, and of better things
Than are the things of earth?

HENBOTH.

(Near Llanfairynghornwy.)

I stand upon the ancient rocks,
Where breaks the northern sea,
And its breaking soundeth like a song
Of sadness unto me.

Oh! years have past; and 'tis the same
As when I was a boy,
And the bright wave washing up the creek
Was full of childish joy.

The thrift upon the rocky ledge
Is blooming as of old;
In every tide-left pool there lies
The sea-weed green and gold.

Yet a change hath past upon them all,
A change I cannot see,
For oh! I know *they* are the same,
And the change it is in *me!*

The present then was all too gay,
The future all too fair;
The light hath now gone overhead
Upon the things that were.

But I can thank the God of Heaven
That, tho' my tears flow o'er,
I yet can thaw the frozen years
And feel what was before.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

(KIDDERMINSTER.)

OH! why art thou so calm, thou wondrous Night,
With all the trees like shadows on the sky,
That shineth in the faint and misty light
Most silently?

Upon the sloping fields is softly strewn
The whiteness of the moon.—
Shall sin and folly dare
To gaze unmov'd upon a scene so fair?

Oh! scorn upon the laughter and the shout
That from the town's base riot
Into the silent shining cometh out,
And mocketh God's own quiet!

Can ye not even once an influence own,
That might have bid you bow
Before the majesty of His high throne,
Whose still voice speaketh now?

God of the wondrous night! oh! tune my soul
In concert with these hours of thrilling glory;
That time may onward roll,
And loudly chant to me its mighty story!

A SUNBEAM.

(To L. C.)

When the thorn-leaves golden-brown
One by one were trembling down,
And across the misty dell
Slanted bars of amber fell;

Then a little winning face,
Pure and bright and full of grace,
Softly as the slanting ray
Fell upon my heart one day.

Smiles of Autumn quickly fly,
Amber mists are floating by,
And the glistening sunrays pass
From the silver-braided grass:

But my little sunbeam lies
In my heart, a life-long prize;
Storm or shadow, come what will,
It will live and shine there still.

EVENING.

(For a Song.)

Oh! slowly carry me, thou rolling world,
From the still evening into stiller night,
The purple banners of the West are furl'd,
And high above me burns the slanting light.

There tufted clouds upon the deep'ning blue
Like fading roses are in clusters strewn;
They're gone up high to watch the latest view,—
'Tis past to me, and they shall lose it soon.

O types of earthly hopes! ye glorious things,
That laden with rich light float in the sky,
How swiftly shall grow dim your golden wings
And like great blanks against the starlight lie!

Learn we, bright clouds, to love a brighter glow,
Far tho' it be beyond you—oh, how far!
And in the silent night to stand below
And watch the keen light of the piercing star.

NIGHT AT DURHAM.

(For a Song.)

The groups of holy stars are sailing on,
To the music of the quiet-dropping river,
That down between its steep banks looketh wan,
As the shadows of the gaunt trees o'er it shiver.

Like silence that is visible, down low
Lie the shadows on the river and the land;
And things around unreal seem to grow,
As with them, alike all motionless, I stand.

Sail on, ye holy stars, toward the West,
Thou queenly Night, sit stately on thy throne,
And ever may the warrings of my breast
The down-raining of your silent spirit own.

ASSOCIATION.

(For a Song.)

The drone of the evening beetle
Rapidly passes by;
And out from the golden sunset
A breeze comes quietly.

Over the many-tongued river
The latest thrush sings loud;
And the wings of the gnats are shrilling
In the dance of their tiny cloud.

In a dreamy odour floats
The breath of the sleeping flow'rs;
And a spirit of awe is borne
On the wings of the silent hours.

'Tis the same to the ear and sense
As it was on a by-gone day,
And I dare not look from the turf
To find myself far away!

LONDON: ROBERT K. BURT, PRINTER, HOLBORN HILL.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9–32*m*-8,'57(C8680s4)444

PR
4809
H1855t [How] -
Three All-
Saints'
summers

PR
4809
H1855t